Ottilie the Otter:
How Ottiie's Tail Got Her Tail in Trouble
By Yu May

Once upon a time in the bustling village of Riverbend, there lived an adventurous young otter named Ottilie. Sometimes, her friends and parents called her "Ottie" affectionately. Ottilie was well-known amongst all the otter families, both for her precocious talent for fishing, and for her knack for getting into trouble. She was a lively and energetic otter with cinnamon brown fur, and a mischievous twinkle in her eye.

One sunny afternoon, Ottilie decided to explore the bustling marketplace. Her parents promised to take her to the market tomorrow after they finished catching their last batch of fish for market, but had also warned her not to visit the market unattended. But the colorful stalls, the aroma of delicious food, and the chatter of the crowd were too tempting for her to resist. With her heart pounding with excitement, Ottilie darted through the crowd, weaving in and out of the stalls.

As she ran, Ottilie's tail accidentally knocked over a stall owner's wares, sending all his blackberry canes, nuts, crab apples, poplar and aspen branches tumbling in every direction. Castor Beaver, a grumpy old beaver, was furious. He shouted at Ottilie, his whiskers quivering. "Ottilie! You clumsy otter! Look what you've done!"

Ottilie's heart sank as she realized the mess she had caused. The once lively marketplace was now in chaos, with animals slipping on the scattered branches.

"I didn't mean to cause any trouble," Ottilie whispered, her eyes filling with tears.

"I don't suppose your parents know you're here?" puffed Mr. Beaver.

Ottilie clutched her elbow. "No, sir."

Mr. Beaver slapped his tail against the ground. "Well, I'll have to tell them to give you a good spanking, won't I?"

In Riverbend, all the animals knew one another, so it was not unusual for a youngster like Ottilie to be punished by another family's parents. Ottilie knew her parents had given all the other otter parents permission to do so, if she acted out of line in their presence. "Yes, sir…You can spank me right now, if you think I need it. You know, for causing you so much trouble? My Ma and Da, have given all the other otter parents permission to spank me, if I act out of line."

Mr. Beaver clicked his teeth as he considered this. "That's a very sensible suggestion! Very well, Miss Otter, rest yourself across that fallen log!"

Meekly, Ottilie lay over the remains of a fallen Beech tree. The bark was scratchy, but the thick moss made for a soft cushion. Ordinarily, Ottilie's parents would pull her tail aside to smack her

bottom, but Mr. Beaver had never spanked an otter before. He raised his tail high, and slapped it firmly across Ottilie's tail five times.

To Ottilie's unpleasant surprise, she learned that the slaps across her tail hurt just as much as the customary spankings across the bottom delivered in a traditional otter household. Unlike her parents' narrow tails, Mr. Beaver's black tail was like a large paddle, and covered the whole surface area of Ottilie's poor tail.

As Mr. Beaver delivered a second round of five swats, Ottilie tried to catch his attention. "Ooh! …Ouch! M-mister Beaver? …Oh! Ow! Ooch!"

Mr. Beaver turned to look over his shoulder as he paused, his tail held high. "Hmm? Is ten swats about what your parents usually give you?"

The answer was no. Ottilie was tempted to lie, but with a shake of her head, she steeled herself and made a full confession. "No, sir. They usually give me twenty spanks, but across my bottom, not my tail!"

"Oh? My apologies! I've never spanked an otter before. In that case, I'll give you ten more across your bottom. Would you move your tail out of the way?"

Ottalie nodded and quickly brushed her tail out of the way of her bottom. "Yes, Mr. Beaver."

Otter tails are quite thick and sturdy, so Ottilie couldn't just pull her tail out of the way. Instead she lifted it high, let it rest across her shoulder, and held on tightly to the end. This left the entire underside of her tail exposed, as well as her bottom and legs. Behind her, Ottilie heard murmurs of approval from the market-goers.

Old Harrison Hare, who was rather impatient with children, flopped his ears. "Haruff! Serves her right."

"Look, Mummy! That otter girl is getting a spanking!" squeaked a young chipmunk girl, who Ottilie recognized as her neighbor, Chimere Chipmunk.

Mrs. Chipmunk clicked her tongue disapprovingly. "And you will too, if you don't behave!" Mrs. Chipmunk scooped up her daughter and sat her on her lap. Chimere was momentarily nervous that she was about to be spanked right then and there, but Mrs. Chipmunk only patted her daughter on the head and settled herself in place. Mrs. Chipmunk wanted Chimere to see exactly what happened to naughty, rambunctious girls who didn't watch their tails carefully.

Ottilie heard Mr. Beaver thwack his tail against the ground again to loosen it up, before raising his tail high. Ottie sniffled and looked away, concentrating on the ground in front of her. She saw a few black ants look up at her curiously, before going about their business.

“Ants are so lucky,” mused Ottilie. “After all, they have no bottoms, so they must never get spankings!”

The first clap of Mr. Beaver’s tail covered Ottilie’s entire bottom, along with part of her legs and the underside of her tail. Sometimes, when she had been particularly difficult, her parents would give her extra spanks across those same spots, but never all at once!

Ottilie squealed, but held herself in place across the log, resolutely. Mr. Beaver delivered the final ten spanks slowly and carefully. By the end, Ottilie’s sniffles and yelps had gradually given way to penitent sobbing. As the tenth spank landed, Ottilie heard approving claps from the crowd.

Ottilie hung her head and remained in her place, hoping that Mr. Beaver was satisfied.

Mr. Beaver turned and inspected his work. His wide tail had covered Ottilie’s bottom with each and every slap, leaving an angry red glow that could even be seen beneath the thick fur on Ottilie’s bottom. The glow faded along her lower-tail and upper thighs, where the edges of Mr. Beaver’s tail had left a series of thin stripes. “Very well, Ottilie! I’d say you’ve been punished enough for your carelessness, though you still have a mess to help me clean up. Up you get, Little Miss Otter!”

Ottilie whistled as she stood herself up and let her tail fall back into place. The red marks from her paddling seared as her tail landed across them with a soft slap. As she saw the disapproving looks of her neighbors, and saw the chaos she had created, Ottilie was determined to make things right. “Mr. Beaver will probably ask my parents to spank me again as soon as I get home, but at least I can clean up the mess I’ve caused!” she told herself.

The grumpy beaver watched in amazement as Ottilie worked tirelessly, picking up the fallen berries and twigs and stacking them neatly in the stall. Her tail was a blur of motion as she darted back and forth, making sure everything was in its place.

As he examined his wares, Mr. Beaver set aside bruised berries and broken twigs on a maple leaf. “These can’t be sold, I’m afraid. I’ll be sending you home with them.”

Ottilie hung her head. “Yes, Mr. Beaver. If my pocket money isn’t enough to pay for the damage, I’m sure my parents will reimburse you.”

Mr. Beaver raised an eyebrow. “And spank you again, I warrant?”

Her face burning, Ottilie shuffled her feet, and noticed her tail was between her legs.

Mr. Beaver gnawed on the remains of a damaged sage leaf, looking rather sage himself. “Well, no sense prolonging your ordeal. Let’s get you home. Mrs. Beaver? Would you watch the store for me while I escort Miss Otter home?”

Mrs. Beaver tightened the strings of her apron, which read, “Dam, Fine Dam Builder,” and clicked her teeth in a mirror image of her husband. “Yes, Mr. Beaver. Now, don’t you be too hard on that poor, wee otter girl. She doesn’t need any insults added to her…injury.”

At the last word, Ottilie glanced back to find Mrs. Beaver examining her well-spanked tail. As they caught each other’s eye, Mrs. Beaver flashed Ottilie an encouraging wink.

Holding a bundle of damaged goods wrapped in a maple leaf, Ottilie walked alongside Mr. Beaver, who huffed and puffed as he balanced his own leaf-wrapped package. At the fishing river, Mr. Beaver slapped his tail against the largest, smooth stone to “knock.”

Ottilie’s “Motter” and “Pa-tter” popped their heads up to the surface, both holding a fish.

At the sight of her daughter hanging her head, Ma squeaked in exasperation, letting her captive fish drop by mistake. “Oh dear! We can’t take our eyes off her for a minute!”

At the sight of her fish escaping, Ma blushed and turned apologetically to Da. “Oops, sorry, Dear!”

Da only smiled and shook his head, patting his wife on the head before turning his attention to his errant daughter and buck-toothed neighbor. Despite having a fish clamped tight in his jaws, Da still managed to enunciate quite clearly, “I’m thowwy, Mithtah Beevah…”

Realizing his mouth was full, Da sheepishly pulled the struggling fish out of his mouth and released it, before clearing his throat. “Ahem! Has Ottilie been causing you trouble?”

Ottilie hunched her shoulders, waiting for Mr. Beaver to verbally tear into her. Instead, Mr. Beaver chuckled, his fat cheeks wobbling merrily. “Well, if you must know, she overturned an entire cart of my wares with her tail…But she also did a fine job cleaning it up!”

Ma stepped out of the river and shook herself dry, before crossing her arms. “Well, Ottilie, just today, I told you clearly you weren’t to go to the market unattended. I’m afraid a spanking is in order!”

Ottilie felt a tingle from her already spanked behind. Even the top of her tail was still sore from the first ten whacks. “Yes, Ma.”

Mr. Beaver twitched his tail. “You should be aware, I already gave Ottilie a good spanking, twenty whacks with my tail.”

Ma nodded approvingly, her whiskers bobbing. “As you should have!”

“At first, I was only going to give her ten whacks, in the traditional beaver manner, but Ottilie informed me that you usually give her twenty.”

Da looked at Ottilie approvingly before turning his attention back to Mr. Beaver. “That’s correct, we always give her twenty whacks for carelessness. Ottilie told you the truth…”

Da gestured to the maple leaf packages. “And I suppose that’s all the damaged product? Well, we’ll be happy to replace them, Mr. Beaver.”

Mr. Beaver fumbled his package, as if he had only just remembered he was holding it. “Oh, this? Well, I don’t suppose these are good enough to sell, but they should all taste just the same. So I thought I’d just make a little…gift of them, to you folks. Ottilie didn’t just clean up the mess, she actually put everything away much neater than I had it before. Really, I’d trade good berries to get a stall-tender as thorough as her! Won’t you take this as my thanks for all her hard work?”

Da stroked his chin, his whiskers stiffening as he considered this. Finally, he accepted the package. “Thank you, Mr. Beaver. If Ottilie wants, we’d be happy to let her do some work for you. Maybe it’d keep her out of trouble. What do you say, Ottie?”

Overwhelmed by Mr. Beaver’s kind words, Ottilie snapped to attention and nodded furiously. “Yes, Da! I’d love to work at the market!”

Mr. Beaver spent a few more minutes chatting with Ottilie’s parents. Mr. and Mrs. Beaver had already raised two litters, all of whom had moved out to build their own dams nearby, leaving them empty nesters. Ottilie felt a little embarrassed when they began to swap stories about child-rearing (some of which involved her being spanked, rather recently), which turned into a friendly debate on whether a spanking would hurt more from a beaver tail or an otter tail.

Mr. Beaver slapped his tail against the earth with a sharp pop as he made his closing argument. “So, as you must see, one spank from a beaver tail is easily equal to two or three spanks from a narrow otter tail!”

Ma giggled, and slapped the nearby rock with a sharp crack. “But that same narrowness means we can land a sharper spank. I’d wager any beaver child would agree.”

“My two oldest are each raising a litter now! My grandchildren can be quite a pawful! We should have you over for a dam-building! I’m sure they’d appreciate hearing an otter’s perspective on child-rearing.”

Da caught Ottilie’s eye. “Or perhaps we could ask Ottilie to settle the debate for us right now!”

Ottilie stiffened as Da put a paw on her shoulder and addressed her. “Ottie, you’ve paid for the damage to Mr. Beaver’s goods, but we still have to discuss the matter of your disobedience.”

Mr. Beaver rubbed his paws together furtively. “Oh! I hope you won’t spank Ottilie again on my account. She really hasn’t caused me any trouble!”

Before her parents could answer, Ottilie held her head high and raised her hand. “Excuse me, Mr. Beaver, but you don’t have to worry. My parents are very fair. They won’t spank me any more than I deserve!”

Mr. Beaver nodded, and puffed his cheeks with relief. “Of course! Well, I’ve talked your folks’ ears off long enough with my old stories. I’ll leave you to discuss the matter in private. Thank you for your help today, Ottilie. And thank you, Mr. and Mrs. Otter, for listening to an old beaver jawing away!”

They all shook hands, and Ottilie surprised Mr. Beaver with a hug before he made his way home. When they were alone, Ottilie looked nervously from her parents to the smooth stone. The otters all used it to dry off in the sun after a long day of fishing. But it also served as the spot where Ottie would be sent to lie on her tummy and wait for a spanking. It was the perfect size for her to rest comfortably, with Ma and Da on either side raining down swats. Ma put a supportive paw on Ottilie’s back as they both waited for father to announce Ottilie’s fate.

“Well, Ottie, Mr. Beaver says I shouldn’t spank you any more on his account. But the trouble you caused at the market is a separate matter from you disobeying your mother…You know you deserve a spanking for that.” He stated the last sentence deliberately, as a simple fact, not as a question.

Ottilie folded her hands behind her back, still able to feel some of the lingering heat from her earlier spanking emanating from her tail. “Yes, Da! I know I deserve another spanking…I’m ready!”

But before Ottilie could begin her death march to the stone to prepare for her spanking, she felt Ma pat her back and saw Da beam at her. “On the other hand, you were very honest with Mr. Beaver about how many spanks you should get. You could have let him stop at ten, but you didn’t. And since that beaver spanking was probably worth two otter spankings, I think we can count that as your punishment for disobedience!”

Ottilie felt as though she’d just plunged into the river to catch a fish on her first try. For an otter, this was the height of joy. “Really, Da? No spanking? Even though I deserve one?”

Da held up a paw. “You *did* deserve a good spanking, and you *got* a good spanking. Are you ever going to sneak off to market without permission ever again?”

Ottilie shook her head so hard, her whiskers flapped across her nose. “No, sir! And if I ever forget, you can spank me, and let Mr. Beaver spank me too!”

Ma giggled. “Well, let’s hope it won’t come to that. Though I suppose that’d be one way to settle our bet.”

Da held out a paw to his daughter. “Deal.”

Ottilie shook her father’s paw in both of hers, and rushed to the river to help catch their fish for the day.

The End.